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IMPRESSIONS



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IMPRESSIONS

By J. E. J.

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO MY MOTHER, WHO HAS BEEN
MY INSPIRATION, THRU HER
UNFAILING FAITH AND
BELIEF IN MY
IDEALS

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San Francisco
1921

FOREWORD

I HAVE compiled this book, to gratify the wishes of my many friends, who have expressed a desire to possess a copy of my thoughts in verse. Realizing the shortcomings, of these my first works, it is with a certain trepidation that I place them before the public. However, if for the moment, they divert the mind from the disconcerting monotonies of the day's work and care, I will feel that they have not been written in vain.

In the perusal of my writings, the reader may find certain contradictory impressions. I find my answer, by quoting from Emerson's essay, Self Reliance "Speak now what you think in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day."

THE AUTHOR

IMPRESSIONS



WILD FLOW'RS

Elusive fragrance,
 On the summer's breeze
Is wafted to my nostrils, and its scent I breathe. . .I
 breathe.
Bewitching perfume,
 What mystic fairies' charm
Is hidden by the road that winds past village, brook
 and farm;
 The fumes become o'er powering, as I steadily
 advance,
 And soon its source beholding, I gaze as in a trance,
For no sight its equal met, in my travels as a rover,
These poppies wild, and bluebells mild, and clover.

Poppies wild,
 With cups of golden hue,
Offer to the morning sun, crystal drops of dew.
Bluebells mild,
 Waking in their beds,
Perceive aloft soft summer skies, and lift their lovely
 heads,

The clover, sweet, alluring, its scent exotic, wild,
Arouses mad desires, while remaining undefiled;
So all is peace, contentment, as shy butterflies skim over
The poppies wild, and bluebells mild, and clover.

CONSECRATION

I met you when things looked darkest of all,
Filled with desperation,
I was stumbling along just ready to fall,
Beset with temptation.
It's not of material pitfalls I speak,
But esthetic, ethereal things that I seek,
When I saw you, I knew I was through being weak,
In this life of short duration.

I remember the day your dear face I first saw,
I had heart palpitation,
I realized I'd found you at last, and with awe,
Felt adoration.
What mattered now what had gone on before,
Or the troubles that were yet to knock at my door,
I knew as I saw you more and more,
I'd received compensation.

As that wonderful love of ours finally grew,
I received inspiration,
And for this great dawning, forever to you
Was under obligation.
You unearthed all my dreams, and hopes thought long
dead,
You brought them to life, they you nourished and fed,
Till at last in their strength, and light, you them led
To emancipation.

And when your dear lips, did finally meet mine,
Ah, what a sensation!
Suddenly ashamed, I was horrified to find
I'd committed desecration.
But you far above, from your plane did descend,
And told me you'd go with me on to the end;
So I worship you, and all my life I will spend
In consecration.

LIFE

Life, what a paradox it seems
To us mortals here below,
Life, in it we survive or perish,
As we are buffeted to and fro.

Some go through it with abandon,
Without thought, just one mad fling,
Others tread with care and caution,
To its rules they strictly cling.

Dreamers pass who seeking ideals,
Look not to the left or right,
Never pause to look or listen,
Till they see their goal in sight.

Followers of procrastination,
Idlers who are discontent,
Ever waiting for the morrow,
Courting but discouragement.

Life, is the mighty struggle worth it,
When your mind's depressed and sad?
Yes, keep on struggling, onward, upward,
Till the heart is peaceful, glad.

THE PAGAN

Alone he stands, bewildered by the crowd,
A stranger in a free and mighty land,
Shunned by young and old as something vile,
Seeking but in vain a helping hand.

A Pagan. Ugh, a yellow heathen Chink,
He doesn't trust in God, he's doomed to Hell,
We can't besmirch our hands we wouldn't dare,
You'd better show him where his brothers dwell.

Oh land that's filled with hypocrites and fools,
Believing that they worship Christ and God,
Unless the Pagan turns and takes your creed,
Unrecognized by you his way he'll plod.

But you are safe, for every Sabbath Day,
You go to church bedecked in raiment fine,
With blind belief and faith you cry, "Amen",
Forgetting all too soon, and as you dine,

You talk of him and her, and what she wears,
The why and wherefore of the this and that,
If asked then what the sermon was about,
You say, "I don't recall, 'd you like her hat?"

Suspicion in the hearts of everyone,
Jealousy a God whom all adore,
Avarice that prompts the ruthless hand,
Trust in business? And they ask, "What for?"

Women sheathed in satin, silks and lace,
Bejeweled with baubles bright like savage hordes,
Degenerate, their morals in the mire,
They wait the coming of their moneyed lords.

Greed is in their hearts, and in their souls,
They're merciless, and stop at naught for gold,
In ignorance we call them civilized,
They're really members of the savage fold.

The pagan heathen Chink may worship Joss,
But kindness he is always told to show,
He's taught respect, and honor, courtesy,
And up a Path of Love he's told to go.

If he should fail to keep his many rules,
From us at least he differs not at all,
For we with Christian faith that's well veneered,
One by one are daily seen to fall.

So Pagan we are all, though we deceive
Ourselves, that we are better than the rest,
And call God Joss, or anything at all,
It's actions, thoughts, and deeds that prove the test.

LOVE PASSION

A mighty force controls me,
As I'm buffeted, on the crest
Of emotions that confuse me,
And my reason from me wrest.

It is love that's filled with passion,
So beautiful and wild,
And insanity o'erwhelms me,
I'm as helpless as a child.

My veins are filled with fire,
That burn with heat divine,
And create in me desires
That are new, I can't define.

In my breast, like a volcano
That belches, flares, and dies,
Reign conflicting mad emotions,
That cause laughter, sobs, and sighs.

This force that has possession,
Is an evil, I know that well,
But I love it, though it take me
To the deepest holes of Hell.

What suffering lies before me,
Whate'er I must endure,
For this one bit of madness
That is rapture, though impure,

With cheerful smile I'll bear it,
The price I'll gladly pay,
For suffering will be eased by thoughts
Of the joys I am having today.

With a rush I'm being whirled to
My destination. Where?
That, I am unable to answer,
I know not, nor do I care.

Nothing now seems to matter,
Nothing do I cognize,
Only your face is before me,
And I see the fire in your eyes.

I am shaking like a leaflet,
Lashed to and fro in the storm,
My eyes they seem on fire,
And my head with fevers warm;

I'm distracted, my brain seems unbalanced,
I'm mad, I can't seem to breathe,
But withal, I'm deliriously happy,
As my breast with fire does seethe.

Vain regrets I know this will follow,
I'll be miserable, filled with despair,
But as long as this passion consumes me,
I'll go on, what do I care?

Passion, a flame that sears deeply,
Burns quickly, it's not easily quenched,
In its wake leaving ruin, destruction,
And souls that with lust are stenched,

Proving a terrible master,
To whom we all pay the price,
But it's worth the memories that linger,
Of that Heavenly, Hellish Vice.

THE ROAD OF LIFE

Is Life an enigma after all,
Is it a mockery, is it a jest?
Are we given its puzzling phases
To solve, are they perhaps a test?

As on the Road we travel,
As we glean much wisdom sage,
To higher planes we're working,
Steadily from age to age.

Perhaps just a bit too anxious
We are speeding to our Goal,
And because we're not quite thorough,
We are apt to strike a shoal.

Or, because we are conceited,
And think we know it all,
We are warned to be more humble,
By a stumble, or a fall.

We will find Life no enigma,
If we realize God is kind,
If we harbor then no error,
We will dwell for ere in Mind.

DRIFTWOOD

A wizened face, all drawn and pale,
Peered through the dark of night,
A sniffled cough, a baby's wail,
A child all in a fright.

The babe she holds can hardly cry,
It can't be two weeks old,
It weakly suckles breasts long dry,
And suffers with the cold.

A drizzle starts that cuts the bone,
No place to lay their heads,
It's tough enough for man alone,
Kids ought to have their beds.

I've got the price to pay for one,
The darkness has me hid,
I'll beat it, leave them all alone—
"Oh hell, here's two bits, kid."

INSPIRATION

The trees now are donning their cloaks of green,
The dew, the grass gives a silv'ry sheen,
And overhead, hang skies of softest blue,
And in them all I see you, just you.

There's a tinge of Spring in the air to-day,
The crowds on the streets are all happy and gay,
Nothing is sordid, it's all good and true,
And I'm sure that the reason is you, just you.

The birds are all singing in meadow and lane,
The laughter of children, a lilting refrain,
With singing my heart is o'er bubbling too,
We're singing for you, dear, we're singing for you.

THAT LITTLE STAGE TOY

Unabating the rain, descended and drenched
Streets long deserted and bare,
With heart heavy laden, I shuffled along
Discouraged, and filled with despair;

My pockets were almost empty of coin,
And of work there wasn't a sign,
So passing a show, I thought I'd go in,
And forget my cares for a time.

It was warm inside, and I started to doze,
The play being shown was just fair,
When suddenly someone started to sing,
And I tingled to the roots of my hair.

I looked at the stage, and rested my eyes
On a girl, she looked very young,
In gingham gown, with bow in her hair,
And a face that was filled with fun.

Forgotten were cares as I heard her sing,
I was carefree again for a time,
She was innocent, sweet, from her head to her feet,
And she held us all with her smile.

When she started to dance, hearts started to sing,
And bubbled over with joy,
We laughed when she laughed, we were young again,
Watching that little stage toy.

Then someone around me said she was bad,
And they who were running her down,
Looked wrinkled and old, pious and cold,
And scowled with condemning frown.

And I thought to myself, how happy I felt,
And then somehow I was glad,
E'en though she had sinned, she was doing more good,
Than those who were soulful and sad.

How my heart within me shrunk when they spoke,
For with it a coldness crept in,
While the smiling stage toy brought laughter and joy
That was clean—forgotten was sin.

THE TRYST

Never were skies as blue as to-day,
Nor the Sun God of Gold so bright,
The leaves on the trees were never as green,
Nor the clouds up above so white;

The plumage of birds was never so gay,
Or their caroling songs so sweet,
Nor so obvious e'er, that elusive place, where
The soul and the heartstrings meet.

REMORSE

In your voice to-night, are tears and sighs, cherie,
And they've cast a cold gray sadness o'er my soul,
They've crushed your joys and laughter, Fleur-de-lis,
And from your heart, your lovely youth they stole.

Ne'er ere this were tears a-glistening in your voice,
Ne'er before were steps of yours so faltering slow,
And I'm certain too, dear child, that not from choice,
Are you out alone to-night 'neath street light's glow.

Come here. How did it happen, tell me, child,
Who'd crush a flow'r so fair without a thought?
Oh, a youth of handsome mien your heart beguiled,
And with honeyed words your maiden's soul he caught.

Of course whate'er he promised you believed,
And you never for a moment weighed the cost,
Till too late you realized you'd been deceived,
That you ne'er could find again what you had lost.

So all wretched and forlorn, and without friend,
You felt that just one thing was left to do,
You're out to take whate'er the street may send,
Never thinking for a moment I'd meet you.

Well listen, child, with voice so full of tears,
I'm getting old, too old to be alone,
A sweet young voice like yours my heart would cheer,
And it's better, dear, that you should have a home.

WORSHIP

It matters not how low you are,
I've put you with the stars,
And in lone silent sanctuary,
I worship you afar.

Your beams on me shine down, and
Ever prove a blessing kind,
How could I live, if looking up,
Your light burned out, I'd find?

CRADLE OF NIGHT

Like a silv'ry cradle, hung from vaulted dome up high,
Held by silken threads, unseen to sight,
Hangs the frail new moon so chaste, in a diamond-
studded sky,
Sending down to earth, its cold anemic light.

I KNOW

Glorious Sons and Daughters of God,
Guided by Truth, and carrying the Rod
"I know,"
Going through life for eternities of Time,
And holding forever that staunch old sign,
"I know."

I know though I go through storm and strife,
I am ever blessed with Eternal Life,
That whatever mistakes are made by the way,
For them all I will have to pay.

Be they wilfully, or carelessly done,
There is no escaping the penalty for one,
Either by suffering I can balance the score,
Or by the wise way, through the Science door.

I know that I reflect from the Principle above,
Life, Truth, Intelligence, Love,
Nothing on earth can take their place,
No error the fruition of their efforts efface.

I know that there is no birth or decay,
Nor that death can simply wisp us away,
To no eons of Time do we have to bow,
For we ever live in the Eternal Now.

I know that material pleasure and pain,
Cold and heat, sunshine and rain,
Should be experienced without sensation,
And the senses freed from all temptation.

I know that through action, there should be no desire,
Nor 'neath the breast a smouldering fire,
For spiritual man of Good the defender,
Should be patient, kind, and lovingly tender.

Resting in the Silence, without fear or qualm,
Like a ship at sea in the midst of a calm,
He should hold his ground against any foe,
For how can he lose, if he has "I Know?"

Glorious Sons and Daughters of God,
Guided by Truth and carrying the Rod
"I know,"
Hold it aloft where all may see,
So that those who need it may benefited be, with
"I know."

HAVE YOU EVER WALKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT?

Have you ever walked out into the night,
With your head burning hot and pulse throbbing,
The fires of your heart a-smouldering low,
And with anguish your tortured soul sobbing?
You left the warmth of a fire, a dimly lit room,
Where peace and contentment had reigned,
Until Love much abused, finally fled,
And a woman with Passion remained.
A Passion that burns with a fire intense
Fills her heart with a jealous desire,
And her lustful soul filled with hate and distrust,
Is dragging you into the mire.

So to free yourself, you go out in the storm,
While the lightning warns, and the thunder
Through the heavens crash, with threatening force,
As if to rend them asunder.
You stalk in the darkness, with nary a thought
As to where, or how you are going,
You know naught of the rain that pelters your face,
Or the gale that around you is blowing.
What matter to you, that the trees lash and sway,
As the wind shrieks and whistles and whines?
You keep stumbling along, 'til exhausted you fall—
Unconscious. You've forgotten for a time.

Again you are out alone in the night,
Just a whim of yours while convalescing,
You had to get out, after weeks in a bed,
And a room that was bare and depressing,
So you're out 'neath the trees in this summer's night,
As a moon's hanging new in the sky.
And with star gems to aid, it suffuses the Earth,
With a light that caresses and sighs.
A murmuring breeze fans gently the night,
As it croons a lullaby low,
All the world seems at peace, but you heave with a sigh,
You're not happy—And how should they know?

They say you are well, and as good as new,
You'll be out inside of a week;
The fools! Can't they tell that your soul is still sick,
That it's warped and twisted, that you seek
The Faith that you had, it is gone and is dead,
And all now is drab in the nights
You doubt all the beauties you see, and instead,
Dire dreams bring horrible frights,
You're weary of soul, you don't really care,
And to keep on living you're loath,
Disillusioned you've been, Life's a terrible sin,
And you curse it all with an oath.

Once more you are out alone in the night,
In a forest deserted and bare,
The cold's bitter, piercing, the snow's fallen thick,
And the beasts have sought out their lair.

Through the stillness that's freezing, the snow crunches
and creaks
Under foot, as you're out there alone,
And as the moon of pale silver sends its cold icy beams
To the snow and the ice, you are prone
To believe in the stories of fairyland told
To you, when you were a child.
No! No fantasy visual will deceive you to-night,
You're happy! Exultant! Wild!!

Wild with the joy of Faith returned
In Life, and Love, and Friends,
Filled with a courage, that's staunch and fit,
And carries one on to the end.
Fires of hate and doubt are dispelled
By a night filled with purity white,
Of snow that glistens, and cold that kills
Everything mean, and when light
Comes with the dawning, you know that though flesh
May decay six feet 'neath the sod,
The soul, be it bruised, maimed or misused,
Returns again to its God.

MY DARLING

My darling is a mountain, filled with fires
That rage and snort. Their tongues of venom hiss
And flame, until exhausted quite, they tire,
And the sun at dawning greets them with a kiss.

My darling is a lovely shimmering pool,
Canopied by driads, clad in softest green,
Caressed by opalescent breezes cool,
While moonbeams sheath with silver breath their queen.

My darling is a peaceful cooing dove,
That proudly preens its beauty hour by hour,
Then seeks its mate, and tenderly makes love,
In a garden that's perfumed by fragrant flowers.

My darling is a turbulent rushing stream,
That, in mad haste is tumbling to the sea,
To meet its lover bold—and then I seem
To see my darling—gone—return to me.

SLAVES OF PASSION

You speak of tobacco, of opium pots,
You sneer at the hashiest and drunken sots,
But I say, with these you cannot compare,
For to me you are vile, while they're wondrous fair,
Slaves of Passion.

Not only you, or you, or you,
I speak to all, the unborn too,
Cursed by an evil you bow to your fate,
Assert yourselves masters, why do you wait,
Slaves of Passion?

You reel and stagger, you lurch and fall,
And rot in your hovels, surrounded by walls
That are filthy and cold, where clammy things creep,
You writhe in the dirt, and in mire you steep,
Slaves of Passion.

The addicts of vices, of drink and dope,
You gaze on with pity, you say there's no hope,
Fools, it's their bodies only who pay all the tolls,
Your price is costly, you pay with your souls,
Slaves of Passion.

Slaking your thirsts, insatiable sots,
Feeding false gods, till the soul in you rots,
In ignorance you stand and cry with glee,
"They're hopeless dopes, but not we, not we."
Slaves of Passion.

At the end of debauching, the aftermath,
A precipice sheer, the end of a path,
A hurtling of bodies down a bottomless pit,
Into black inky darkness, there's no end to it,
Slaves of Passion.

You'll have an awakening, filled with despair,
Groveling, clutching and gasping for air,
And as into oblivion you're fading from view,
You'll know that the addicts were you, were you,
Slaves of Passion.

NEOPHYTES

Oh perfidy of mortals all,
Descendants of false, futile gods,
Sham, Deceit and Arrogance,
Stepping where the Devil trods.

Weaklings, you would never heed,
The Wisdom of the Absolute,
Rather cringing at gilt shrines,
Of gods unseeing, deaf, and mute.

When travail turns the contrite heart,
Grossness is renounced for Light,
Babbling incantations, vows,
For the transcendental fight.

Easily heeded are the rules,
While the soul in sanctuary dwells,
But when jostled by the mass,
The neophytes high purpose quells,

The din of distant cymbal heard,
From gilded halls of mirth and song,
Reminds of dancing forms 'most nude,
Of jubilant and noisy throng.

With Self the aspirant then insists
With firm resistance, he'll observe,
And not participate in revels mad,
But mandates of the Path subserve.

"Tempt not." But, ah, alas!
Too late, and once more 'neath the spell,
Carousing madly, drunk, debauched,
He's found again the Road to Hell.

Stumbling downward without pause,
Senses stenched with lust,
Staggering on, he finally falls,
Crumbling in the dust.

Daylight brings new courage, hope,
The Path again he takes,
In silent sanctuary, humble, meek,
New vows of trust he makes.

Freedom from material law,
Is his, if he unscathed,
Will firmly tread until he finds,
The Light upon the Path.

SENTINELS OF THE WEST

Like grim, silent, sentinels they stand,
Their watch unceasing,
Never wavering, this mighty band,
Tho Earth unleashing
Its torrents and winds, its snows and rains,
Marshalled with force from distant plains,
Undefeated to all, their challenge remains.

Like prehistoric monsters fast asleep,
Thru countless ages,
They 'mind of days, when their crests so steep,
With wisdom of sages
And courage of hell, were filled with fire,
How they'd battle and scar, like ancient sire,
Searing with fissures of hate in their ire.

Now bloom of their youth, by age replaced,
And hearts grown cold,
Marked by wrinkles, with abrasions defaced,
Centuries old,
They're not decrepit, but hardened to stand,
Forever as Nature's aides, to command
With invincible might, the pillaging band.

In the false dawn, ere the Sun God of Gold
The horizon clears,
The jagged peaks, with their caps of mold,
Are old men that peer
Thru eyes long since dimmed, with sight that fails,
Huddled together, mumbling tales
Of avalanche bold, and blizzardy gales.

The Central Fire now rises to view
With warmth embracing,
The old men are gone, and faces new,
(Grave fears replacing)
Rise in their majesty, clothed in green
Of stalwart pine, and an ermine scheme
Of snow, lends a trimming of royal mien.

A wind steals down, from the cold bleak North,
Its rush unabating,
And in its arms, with glee peeping forth,
Their joy scintillating,
Fleecy clouds of downy hue,
Hanging from skies of turquoise blue,
Nestle together, as they bill and coo.

On the azure sea, they drift aloft,
Their sails unfurling,
Pause for a moment, then on they waft
With edges curling,
To kiss and caress, with loving care
The pointed peaks as they nose the air,
Their visage rough, and beauty rare.

Like gamboling lambs, they frisk and run,
With mirth o'er bubbling,
'Til, with coquetting they 're finally done,
And together huddling,
They laughingly scamper, like maidens shy,
Pausing with glee as their victims sigh,—
Then triumphant turn, and away they fly.

But not for long are they left alone,
These patient lovers,
The elder sisters for the young atone,
And endearingly hover,
With bosoms close, that pulse and surge,
With soft moist touch, they cleanse and purge,
Till the white snow, chaste, and the grey downs merge.

But the spell by evil omen is broken,
There's distant rumbling,
The warriors of grey and black have spoken,
And swiftly come tumbling
With guns that roar, that spit and flash,
A deluge of rain, an earsplitting crash;
Aided by gales that whip and lash.

As the battle rages the sentinels bear,
With silent resistance,
The oppressor's rage; it's little they care,
They need no assistance,
They're hewn of stuff that knows no defeat,
And soon the Storm-King is ordering "Retreat,"
For futile his efforts, these foes to unseat.

So day after day, and year after year,
Forever it seems,
The watchdogs stand, with no knowledge of fear,
"Steadfast" their theme,
Tireless they guard, as creation rests,
Awakening in hearts of men but the best,
Silent they stand, Sentinels of the West.

THE CHOSEN

Oh, Sons of Heaven, you the blest,
You thru the fires, stood the test,
Giving no heed to Sons of Men,
Whose hoarse cries, warned of sudden
Vagaries of mind unbalanced,
If one cleared the rut, and glanced
At Wisdoms undecipherable;
To those who lamented, miserable
With much drying of eyes, from shedded tears;
Finding solace, in their journey thru the years,
In gilded things, thru which brass shone
As soon as used, leaving naught—No desire to atone;
But you the chosen, yours was the less gaudy,
You went on, tho thought by lesser ones, tawdry.
Making Life your one endeavor, your richest prize,
Moldy adage holding no influence to hypnotize;
Who counted it then no hour lost,
No moment wasted, tho the cost
Find you poor in worldly goods, but rich in living;
Secure in Mind, to cast off into the infinite with no misgiving,
Knowing treasure houses full to overflowing,
Filled by daily toil, in reaping the sowing
Of labors rewards; passing the unstable
Riches this life offers on our table.

Oh Ye, the offspring of the Infinite Wisdom,
Your hour is nigh, and soon the Kingdom
Gates will open wide, bidding you enter,
To take your places well deserved, 'midst grandeur,
'midst splendor;
Yours has been the Gethsemane, in chiding
Of small minds, constantly reminding
Of false old age (what a stale old myth),
Finding their success, for you, the pith
Of fruit that they have cast away,
To be longed for on the awakening day;
Admonitions of worldly wise, in such as,
"Foolish youth, prepare for rainy season;"
Upbraided by pedagogues, whose elementary reason,
Will but turn to ashes between their teeth,
When requiem is held 'mid flower and wreath;
Tolerance was yours, you bore your cross
Of Truth, perhaps at first with doubts of loss,
When men did jeer and cast their stones
Of ridicule; but while their cares were for the bones
And liver, you thru muck and mire did tread,
Not pompous, but as one 'mongst dead,
Filled with sense of pity—to lift,
If able, the eyes earthward dropped, to where the rift
In clouded sky, showed you the blue
Of Reason—
Hoping they would see it too.

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